

DOUBTING THOMAS

OF course it is hard that we are where we are in this fourth year of war, but it is a hard world that we live in. There have always been too many Doubting Thomases.

They are a drag on progress everywhere. The world has always had to carry the pessimists on its back. They are frightened by every mountain. They see dragons in every path and a lion at every gate. They are the children of the Doubt that has thrown its shadow across every dreamer, every pioneer, every soldier of freedom, since the world began. Their grandmother was the old lady watching George Stephenson trying to make his Rocket go. It would never go, she said, and when the contraption went furiously at a few miles an hour she threw up her hands and cried, "It will never stop."

Keeping Afloat

It is only too true that for every man who wants to help the world there are two who want to leave it alone and twenty-two who do not care either way. If the world had been left in their hands mankind would still have been slaves and free nations would never have been. They are the hangers-on, so busy grumbling that things are so bad that they can never lend a hand to better them.

THEY have no idea how fast the world moves in spite of them, and can have no conception how much faster it would move if they would take their brake off the wheel. They see the dark side of everything and rather pat themselves quietly on the back when any calamity comes to show that they were right. They moan about the thing that goes wrong but are as blind as a bat to the thousand things that go right.

We are an imperfect people and have much to answer for, but let us be thankful that we have among us enough stout spirits to keep us afloat when so much of the world is sinking. The eternal answer to the croaker who says it cannot be done is the fact before our eyes. It is being done.

The Croakers

There was once a croaker who was not immersed in ignorance as most croakers are. He was one of the wisest men of his day, for he was President of the Royal Society when the proposal was made to drive ships by steam. The President laughed the idea to scorn. A steam-engine needed a firm base, he said, and of course you could not have a firm base at sea. We may wonder what the good President would say if he could see our thousand horse-power engines firm-based in the clouds.

It has always been the same. There is no more successful institution in the world than our Post Office, yet it had to force its way, and even the Postmaster-General denounced the penny post. The Post Office did its best to kill the telephone. The Admiralty tried to kill the telegraph. Sir Walter Scott, visiting London when a man was proposing to light the streets with gas, wrote home to tell what a madman was trying to do.

We think of America as a modern State, free from the shackles of a thousand years of habit and prejudice, but when the Fathers of the Republic drew up the Constitution declaring that all men are created equal they drew it up to forbid slavery, but the clauses forbidding it were omitted to please certain States who made great profits out

of slaves. The Constitution should therefore have read that all men are equal "except our slaves."

Be sure your sin will find you out. Never will History forget the terrible doom which fell upon the nation for its surrender to an evil thing. It was this timidity of the founders of the Republic, their concession to the croakers who thought freedom impossible for slaves, that prepared the way for the Civil War; and long before that, when William Lloyd Garrison started writing against slavery he was dragged through the streets of Boston as a good-for-nothing.

If the world moves slowly it is because croakers and doubters are for ever holding it back. They have always treated like criminals or madmen the men who wrote the book of knowledge or gave new powers of happiness to mankind. They have always been afraid of change, or of giving the rights of humanity to those who disagreed with them. One of them refused to dine with a professor because the professor approved of the death of Socrates. We think ourselves a tolerant people, and so we are, but for 1700 years after the birth of Christ no member of His race was allowed to own land in England, and when that injustice was ended it took 25 years of agitation to enable a Jew to be a British citizen.

Stopping Progress

If there is so much said in these dark days about the changes that must come with the Peace it is because Doubting Thomas has been on our back so long in the struggle to realise William Blake's Jerusalem. At every reform the croaker has been there. Democracy has come in spite of him. He no more believed that all men are equal and free than did the framers of the American Constitution. He made ignorance fashionable. He resisted every attempt to abolish disease. He had no objection to the slaves so long as he did not live with them.

OUT of 26 barons who signed Magna Carta only three could write their names, and six hundred years after that half the nation could not write. Knowledge was taxed in every way. So was health. A tax on windows kept the sun out of the houses of the poor. A tax on insurance made thrift impossible. A tax on tops stopped boys spinning them. Even when we had beaten Napoleon after twenty years the croaker would never listen to the idea of cheap newspapers; every paper was taxed fourpence, lest people should know what was happening in the world.

And it was the croaker who, when we had beaten Napoleon at last and it was proposed to reward our soldiers for their victory by reducing the number of lashes at a flogging, opposed this concession as dangerous, so that flogging went on till Mr Gladstone abolished it, to the great regret of Queen Victoria, who said there was no other way of keeping troops in order.

It is enough. We may hope that in these mighty days the croaker is a little ashamed of himself. If we cannot coax him to our side we shall save the world without him. He who knows anything knows that the world is getting better every day and that something has happened to make utterly impossible again the things that conquerors and tyrants were doing freely not so very long ago.

Arthur Mee

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

A Walk to Port Moresby

JUST fifty years ago a London boy, Charles Abel, went out to Papua for the London Missionary Society. There he remained for forty years, and there his children were born and grew up, and entered into the work of what became the Kwato Mission.

And now, fifty years afterwards, the coming of the Japanese has compelled the splendid mission station of Kwato to be abandoned. At Kwato the Abel family and their friends had built up a wonderful power house of service for the Papuan people. "Every home on Kwato," says Miss Phyllis Abel, "was blacked out. Villages were prohibited from lighting fires on their beaches. Armed coastguards patrolled the various approaches to the well-known sea routes. In the early hours of a certain morning, by the light of a radiant moon, we walked through deserted homes, workshops, school, and hospital. The labours, prayers, and efforts of a lifetime seemed suddenly to come to an end. The whirl of saws in the timber mills, the ring of hammers in workshops that day-in and day-out had filled the air, were silent now.

Many of the Papuan people fled into the bush and into the mountains. "We had to leave

at a moment's notice," says Miss Abel. "I had been ill and was still unable to put foot to ground. The journey ahead of us was long and tiring, over mountains and across valleys, but I was borne shoulder high by a team of cheery carriers. Their spirits never flagged—not even at two in the morning, our twelfth hour on foot. We kept passing little villages, and the people came out to welcome us. All asked news of the war. They brought us green coconuts to drink, and at two places even offered us their own cooking pots piled high with freshly-cooked food. The afternoon before we reached Port Moresby we rested to give the children a chance to recover from the journey. The next morning at four o'clock we were awakened by the sound of planes flying towards Port Moresby, followed by terrific explosions and flashes. Port Moresby was having its first raid."

This little group of missionaries has had to give up fifty years of devoted work. Many of the buildings will probably be destroyed, and the native people will wonder why civilised men fight each other in this way. But away in Sydney the Kwato missionaries are already planning to go back.



A Helping Hand on the Farm

Best Way to the New Jerusalem TUC SIGNPOST

THE most significant fact of the Trade Union Congress this year, apart from the Chairman's glowing tribute to the Prime Minister, was the adoption of a statement on education which regards the present school system as one of the most distressing anomalies of our social life, and strives to replace it with a scheme for the fullest possible opportunity for every child.

The programme of the TUC calls for the raising of the school age to 15 without any exception and to 16 within three years after the war; for nursery and primary schools up to 11; secondary schools after that, and special provision for those leaving at 15 or 16, and for those remaining on special scholarships to universities for all who would profit from them. The secondary schools and the university should be free, including maintenance.

Mr George Chester, in introducing the programme to the Congress, said it was a charter to provide equal opportunities for every child to develop his or her personality and ability so that all might grow up healthy in body and mind, and ready to make a full contribution to the life of the community. It would provide that social distinctions

and privileges no longer played any part; an education in which the full achievement of personality and the principle of service to the community would replace the competitive motive as the main factor of school life.

Education must be recognised as the central constructive service of society, and there must be a system adequate to the vast and inspiring task of erecting a real social democracy.

The Congress is against the continuance of private and denominational schools, saying that of 745 schools on the black list 500 are Church schools; but there was a strong feeling in the Conference that religious teaching must be preserved. The general idea of the Council is that school should be a joyous adventure, and that a vitalising of education would be the best way to the New Jerusalem.

A Cup of Tea in a Storm

AN extraordinary thing happened to a Sunderland flying-boat in the Bay of Biscay the other day.

It flew into a cloud with air currents so violent that the Sunderland plunged "like a demented Spitfire." The cook, making breakfast at an oil stove, found himself sitting on the roof! The navigator was flung into the glass dome in the roof with his maps and rulers on his knee. The whole plane was topsy-turvy, with the crew in absurd positions, bewildered by inexplicable events. Happily the engines went on working, and at last the plane righted itself, and it was then found that a cup of tea which had been resting on the deck when the trouble began was still there, the tea still in the cup!

Such an experience was, of course, beyond control, but it often happens that we read of our bombers taking "violent

evasive action," and it is something of the same kind that happens then. Try to imagine the scene inside a great bomber as it plunges, twists, and turns in mid-air.

The pilot, of course, is strapped tightly in his seat, but an observer has said that his crew are sometimes thrown about like peas in a basin. A navigator tells how he reached up to catch an instrument box which was being thrown from a shelf, and suddenly found himself hanging on to the box, both suspended in mid-air. A wireless operator was amazed to see two milk bottles floating about the cabin of a Hudson. He reached up to catch one, and found himself clutching it, with his feet clear of the floor and with no visible means of support.

A beam gunner, from his normal position lying on the floor, found himself lifted to the roof and held there.

A MAN AND HIS COUNTRY

THERE was once a naval officer who had 12 sons, all of whom joined the Army or the Navy.

One of the sons fought in the Boer War and in the Great War, when he won the DCM and the MC, being wounded five times. This son lived to be 60, and became Lieutenant William Foster of the Home Guard.

Last week his platoon were

taking part in a demonstration of throwing hand grenades, when one grenade struck a bank and rolled back to where the lieutenant and six men were standing. In three seconds it would have killed them all.

But in a twinkling Lieutenant Foster flung himself over the explosive and received it in his own body, giving his life for his men's.

The Absentee at the Mine

From last Thursday it has become an offence for a miner to be persistently late or absent from his work. He may be reported to an investigation officer of the Ministry of Fuel and afterwards prosecuted.

THINGS SEEN

A fossil stone tree fallen among the cabbages at a South Kensington museum.

A heifer looking out from the bedroom window of an empty house in Hampshire.

A cabbage nine feet round at Scarborough.

THE MAN WHO LOVED THE SEA £100,000 Hobby

IN the last quarter of the last century and the first quarter of this a Scotsman who loved the sea was making it the joy of his life to collect pictures of ships and everything connected with the sea and sailing. He was Arthur Holdsworth Macpherson, son of a judge in Calcutta, and by the time he was fifty his collection of prints and pictures of all sorts had become well known to sailors and yachtsmen.

Year after year he added to his collection, improving it at every opportunity by replacing poor pictures with better ones; he would have nothing but the best he could find. At last, when he had 12,000 pictures, a proposal was made that they should become public property, and Sir James Caird bought the whole collection for the Maritime Museum at Greenwich. He bought them for £100,000—no mean price for what had begun as a boy's hobby—and they are now housed in one of the most beautiful buildings in England—the Queen's House at Greenwich.

Mr Macpherson knew the sea in reality as well as in pictures, for he went twice round the world in steamships, and sailed 60,000 miles in small boats, visiting 92 countries. He has now passed on to his reward, at his home in Aberdeenshire, aged 69—a man remembered and beloved by seamen everywhere.

Tanbruk Irang

Tanbruk Irang, an Assam tribesman, has been awarded the Albert Medal. He found an Anglo-Indian mother and her child struggling along a mud track in Burma, both exhausted.

He carried the child some way on and then went back for the mother, whom he brought to the same point. Then he took the child on ahead and again returned for the mother, continuing the process for 20 miles along roads often knee-deep in mud. By his great gallantry and endurance Irang saved both lives.

PLANNING FOR THE BETTER DAYS

An important report on land development has been issued by the Committee under Mr Justice Uthwatt. It deals with the question of improvement in land values due to public developments and to reconstruction schemes in raided areas such as the City of London, Bristol, and Coventry.

The report recommends that the State should take possession of all rights of development in areas outside towns and cities, so that private schemes cannot spoil the countryside; and in cases where great areas must be rebuilt as a whole it proposes that the whole area should be bought for the nation. The Committee is against the complete nationalisation of the land, but accepts the idea of public control of all development and of compensation being paid to landowners out of a national fund.

Little News Reels

CHINA has ten million men in the Army and another ten millions in reserve.

Every soldier is to have sixpence a day more, at a cost to the nation of £43,000,000 a year; but the Government proposals are considered inadequate.

The population of Stepney is now one-fifth of the population before the war.

The proper signal for cyclists turning left is now to extend the left arm straight out.

A Liverpool teacher discovered in conversation with six pupils that not one of them had tasted a banana.

We hear of a hen in a back-garden at Starbeck, near Harrogate, which has laid 100 eggs in four months, most of them weighing four ounces.

The weekly collection of waste is now about 80,000 tons; waste paper has gone up from 12,000 to 18,000 tons.

Only about three per cent of our timber is now being used for non-war purposes.

Two million tons of fuel a year are being saved by waste collectors.

Moscow has beaten Leningrad in a football match by four goals to two.

Scout and Guide News Reel

FOR more than a year a Holborn Scout Troop has given an average of four film shows a week, entertaining nearly a thousand people, mostly evacuees from Gibraltar.

Storrington Wolf Cubs launched a mass attack on cabbage butterflies as their good turn for their neighbours.

Guides of the 3rd Levenshulme Company spend three evenings a week doing useful work in a hospital for babies.

STALINGRAD

THE story of Stalingrad has been thrilling the whole world. Peter the Great recognised the importance of the city, then called Tsaritsin, standing where the mighty rivers Don and Volga flow so close to one another before separating to find outlets into different seas.

Peter made a gift of his stick to the citizens 220 years ago, saying: "With this stick I have managed my friends; use it against your enemies." Lifting his cap, he continued: "Even as nobody would dare to pluck this cap from the head of Majesty, so shall nobody dare to turn you out of Tsaritsin."

The Boy Conductor

Had Mozart been one of the 3500 audience at the Lewisohn Studios in New York, we feel sure his heart would have gone out to Lorin Maazel, who was conducting the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.

This world-famous orchestra is in its 25th season, and among the conductors invited for this year of celebration was this 12-year-old Pittsburg boy. The programme on this occasion consisted of Mozart's Marriage of Figaro, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite, all ambitious things for one so young to memorise, for memorise the score he did, as he preferred it that way.

Journeys of about 11,500,000 miles a year will be saved by the stoppage of the Green Line Coaches on their 28 routes.

It will be a great help to the nation if users of gas slot meters will put a shilling in their two-slot meters instead of pennies, as there is a serious penny shortage, and about 50 millions are held up in this way.

It is announced that a new source of a rare metal, vanadium has been discovered in America, which will make the United States independent of foreign supplies.

An envelope containing 200 pound notes was found on the seat of a motor-bus at Aldgate.

THE children of women war workers are to have breakfasts at two play centres at Woolwich for 3d per head, the menu including tea, porridge, bread and butter, eggs and bacon, and preserves.

Sir Francis Towle, the great hotel proprietor, declares that the degree of honesty in hotel staffs is remarkable.

A day nursery for children of war workers is to be opened in Toronto, and the Ontario Government intends to make such nurseries general throughout the Province.

THE 3rd Ewell (Surrey) Scouts collected 8000 razor blades in 8 days.

The Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, has returned to England after four years in Kenya; she hopes to visit Guides all over the country to tell them of the work of African Guides.

Confined to bed but determined to contribute in some way to the B-P Memorial Fund, Scout T. G. Wilton, of Newcastle, Staffs, made articles for sale and has raised one guinea.

SEVENTY-FIVE FEET UNDER LONDON

EIGHT shelters for 8000 people have been completed in London at from 75 feet to 110 feet below the ground. They are to be used after the war as parts of a new Tube Railway, but in the war emergency will be available as shelters in time of enemy raids.

They have canteens run by voluntary workers, medical aid posts, and doctors and nurses in attendance. Each tunnel has upper and lower decks fitted with bunks for sleeping, and admission is to be by ticket. No tickets are being issued yet, the shelters being held in reserve until required. Built by the Transport Board on behalf of the Ministry of Home Security, they are managed by an official committee.

A Soldier's Prayer

I like the term United Nations, and it is my prayer as a soldier that the world should be one united nation.

We want to lead the world into a better and fairer life of cooperation. We have been through many dark days, and except in the allied countries civilisation has been blacked out.

Dieppe, the Solomons, the Coral Sea, and El Alamein are the lights which will show the way back to a normal and civilised life.

Major-General Lee, U.S.A. Supply Chief in Britain

THE BABOONS OF TABLE MOUNTAIN

There is a colony of baboons which roam over Table Mountain overlooking Cape Town. They are cut off from the mountains of the interior, just as the baboons at Gibraltar are cut off from the mountains at the other end of Africa.

Recently the Table Mountain animals made a descent on Simonstown, the other town on Table Bay. As most of the people have a liking for the baboons they refrain from shooting them, and in consequence many gardens were pillaged with impunity. In due course, however, they retreated to their mountain heights.

100 GODFATHERS

A British baby, John Harold Creighton Ratcliffe, is in the unique position of having 100 Dutch godfathers. His father is the liaison officer on board the Netherlands gunboat Flores, and the baby's christening took place on board the vessel. The ship's bell was used as a font, and the hundred members of the crew stood as godfathers.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE COTTON MILL

The daily religious services now taking place in many Lancashire cotton mills are proving their helpfulness, and a correspondent writes that the atmosphere is being noticeably altered. This, in conjunction with the new idea of a padre attached to each mill, is to be extended to cover the whole of Lancashire. The Cotton Mill Padre can help the worker in many ways, and help to solve many problems. The spirit of kindness is more in evidence than ever before.

MARTINS OF THE HIGH STREET

In a recent CN was a reference to the mud nests of the martin, and a correspondent at Steyning in Sussex writes to tell us of a colony of these nests which has been occupied each year from May to September for more than 20 years.

There are five nests in a row under the eaves of a roof in the High Street, and although structural repairs to the nests take place from time to time, the main parts of the nests are the originals.

A Brave Word From France

It has sometimes been held against the Churches on the Continent that they have acquiesced too easily in laws and propaganda against the Jews. The courage of French Christians in this matter deserves, therefore, to be well known.

A secretly-published religious journal, called "Notebook of Christian Witness," devotes a whole issue to the question, and its editors write:

"In the half-liberty which is left to us, in face of Hitlerian Germany which is seeking accomplices among us to divide us and enslave us better, anti-Semitism is more than a disgrace; it is a betrayal of which all France will one day have to give an account.

GOOD FOR INSECTS

A growing shortage in insecticides is appearing, and farmers, as well as the Forces in insect troubled lands, will feel it. One ingredient, which comes usually from Sweden, Japan, and Belgium, is arsenic, employed in several unexpected ways, such as in khaki cloth, blankets, and glass-making as well as in weed-killers. Pyrethrum is shut off by Japan, though Kenya supplies it, and the shortage of less well-known insecticides will lessen the necessary protection to many crops and stored food supplies.

REAPING ON THE ROCK

It is an ill bomb that blows nobody any good.

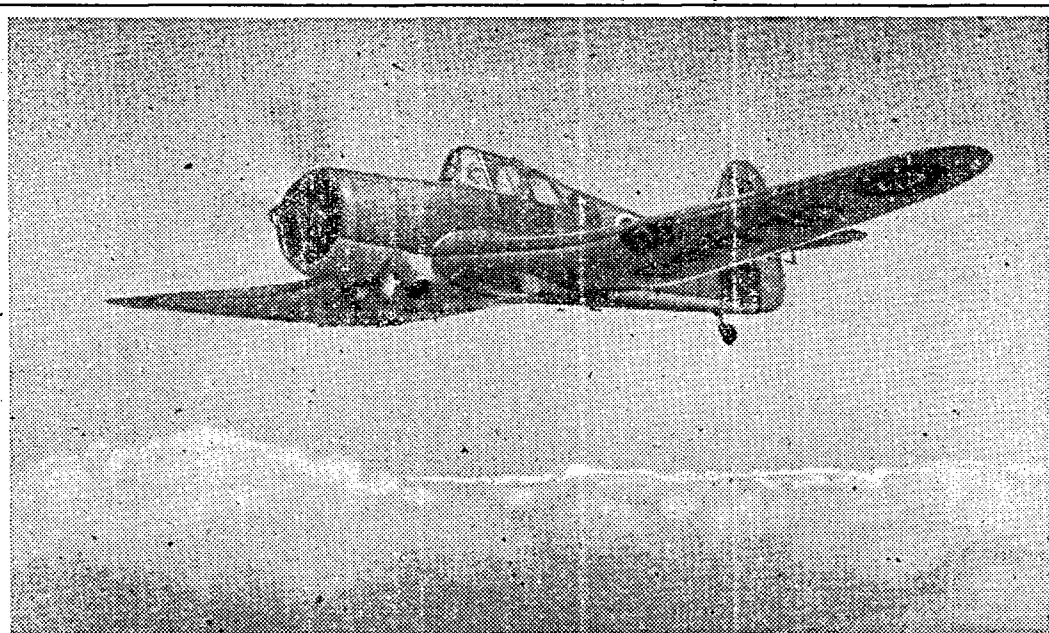
There is a farm in England where one patch of ground has remained barren since the beginning of things. It is a patch of soil in which the actual rock protrudes, or is so near the surface that neither cereals nor root crops can grow.

At least, it was such a bit of ground until a bomb dropped neatly in the middle of it, shattered the rocks, and enabled the plough to go over that spot for the first time in history. Next year the farmer hopes to reap where he has sown upon the former rock.

"Christians, we have the urgent duty to bear witness before all our brethren that anti-Semitism is incompatible with Christianity. The Church will not let it be believed that it is associating itself with an injustice sanctioned by laws; it intends to remain faithful to its vocation as guardian of moral principles."

Even if this witness against anti-Semitism results in imprisonment, say the writers, "the friends who will take our place will be legion, so that the Christian witness may continue to be affirmed in the proud independence of humble and grateful obedience to God."

This brave utterance shows that liberty is not dead in France.



The Flying Pupil's Master

The Miles Master III, seen here in flight, is Britain's fastest training aircraft. Having a Pratt and Whitney Twin Wasp engine its performance in all but top speed compares well with present-day fighters. The Master is used for training in bombing, gunnery, navigation, high-speed flying, and instrument flying. It is of wooden construction.

THE DESERT WAR Pepper-Pot Armies in the Sand

Mr Churchill had this to say of the extent of war in the desert which he has been to see.

THIS desert warfare has to be seen to be believed. Large armies, with their innumerable transport and tiny habitations, are dispersed and scattered, as if out of a pepper-pot, over the vast indeterminate slopes and plains of the desert, broken here and there only by a sandy crease or tuck in the ground or an outcrop of rock.

The ground in most places, especially on all commanding eminences, is rock, with only an inch or two of sand on the top, and no cover can be obtained for guns or troops except by blasting. Scattered as the troops are, there is an elaborate system of signalling, the enormous development of which is incredible. The more improvements there are in our means of communication, the more people are required to serve the Signal branch. But owing to this elaborate system of signalling, in which tens of thousands of people are engaged, this army, scattered over these vast areas, can be brought into action with extraordinary rapidity and enormous distances can be covered by either side in what would have seemed a few years ago to be an incredibly short space of time.

POWER MAKES POWER

We are all trying to save all the fuel we can in many ways.

America, too, is saving wherever possible and we learn of a great economy effected in factories making aeroplane engines. An engine usually has a 12-hour test before being passed for use, and this represents a vast amount of power. This power is now harnessed to generators, and in one great engine factory in the Middle West the testing operations supply more than half the power needed to run the factory.

Thus the precious high-octane fuel, of which vast quantities are used, performs a double service.

THE PLASTIC PLUG

A new plastic rather less pliant than putty has been added to the hundreds of others of these modern materials in industry, and it can be used for stopping up leaks in sinking lifeboats or making emergency repairs in pontoon bridges. It also can be drawn into adhesive tape, and can perform other services carried out by mixtures of white lead and oil.

Like putty, it can be kneaded in the hands to the required shape, and then will quickly harden in water.

THE RESTLESS BOY

Beekeepers are anxiously watching the honey harvest to see if it is any better than last year; and already the honey extractors, big and little, are at work. The honey extractor, as its name shows, extracts the honey from the combs with as little loss and damage as possible.

Rather an odd fact about this useful invention is that it owed its existence to a rather restless boy who, while watching his father at work, could not keep still, but while he held a honeycomb in his hand began to spin round. The golden drops flew out, and his father, first annoyed, took a hint from the gyration. He invented the first whirling honey extractor, the model of thousands of others today.

The Danger of Cutting Down Trees

A WRITER who has lived many years in China, Daniele Varé, brings out in one of his books the terrible effect on China of the cruel and senseless deforestation which has brought about so notable a lack of trees in that great country.

Time was, centuries ago, when the forests of Siberia came down the coast to meet the tropical jungle. The cutting down of trees has continued for long years with appalling effects upon the soil, upon the climate, upon fertility, upon humanity. The whole north of China has been

SEEN AT A WATER TAP

How eloquent a dog can be by looks alone! A correspondent in the West Country the other day came across a rough-haired terrier sitting beneath a wayside tap, waiting for a passer-by.

As I drew near (writes our correspondent) he saluted by rising to his feet, wagging his tail, lolling his tongue, and looking excitedly from tap to me as much as to say, "Please turn it on." It is an old trick of his which rarely fails.

And then, when the tap was turned and he had quenched his thirst, how eloquent was his look as if to say, "Thank you!"

IDLE FELLOW

A father in the North of England has volunteered for night work in a munition factory, but it seems that his family fails to appreciate such zeal. At any rate, his youngest daughter has no high opinion of what he is doing, for the other morning she opened the door of her father's bedroom and led in four of her little friends. "There," she declared triumphantly, "perhaps you'll believe me now when I tell you he never gets up before dinner-time."

TOMORROW

There are some who say win the war first, and thereafter, if you will, discuss what to do with the peace. We are glad to have this excellent pronouncement on that view by Mr R. A. Butler, President of the Board of Education:

People who dismiss as untimely and inappropriate discussion about the world of tomorrow show a lack of faith in the social destiny of our people, and ignorance of the urge and spirit which I meet in a large section of society.

THE SHELTER

We hear of a family air raid shelter in the north which is unusually well furnished. It has comfortable seats, electric light, two beds, a stove, a cupboard, a clock, a small table, and a set of the Children's Encyclopedia.

THANKSGIVING

Sir Daniel Stevenson, who has already given £280,000 away, celebrated his 91st birthday by giving £60,000 more to Glasgow University (of which he was Chancellor) and £60,000 and a building to the Scottish Academy of Music.

Sir Daniel declared that the gifts were tangible expressions of his gratitude for the spontaneous outburst of affection which came to him.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

We Must Think Like This

MR HENRY KAISER, the wonder man of the United States who has received a trial order for 100 transport aircraft to carry goods across the Atlantic, has a keen disciple in Mr E. C. Gordon England of the Engineering Industries Association.

He says we must have an air merchant service, and that a fleet of 5000 air transports of a size we could build today could bring nearly a million men to this country in 15 hours. We must begin to think in terms of what such fleets might mean to our trade after the war. A fleet of 5000 aircraft, each with a useful load of 20 tons, making a round Atlantic trip every four days, would move 150,000 tons a week in both directions. Mr England asks us to open our minds to such a conception, undreamed of until today.

The Invasion of Smokers

WHEN our railways reduced their non-smoking coaches to two out of seven they practically handed over the railways to smokers, and now that the war is with us it is rarely that one can find a non-smoking carriage unused by smokers.

One correspondent points out that he would hesitate to request one of our uniformed American guests to comply with the non-smoking regulation, but as a matter of fact the American railways are not made a gift to smokers. If you want to smoke on an American train you have to retreat to a small rear compartment.

Surely, while none of us desires to interfere with the pleasure of Service men, whether British or American, the Army itself should make a special appeal on the subject, and, for the rest, it is the duty of the railways themselves to see to it that the regulations are kept. What would happen, we wonder, if a non-smoker in a smoking carriage asked the ladies and gentlemen not to smoke?

THE NAZI CURE

It is sickening to read the depths to which a Nazi can fall, and the C N does not often record their atrocities; but it is right that history should know the truth and what we fought against.

We feel, therefore, that it should be put on record that the Germans, finding that typhus had broken out among 900 Yugo-Slav prisoners in Norway, shot 300 of the sick men in one night.

India in 29 Words

WE do not remember a neater statement of the tragedy of India than in these 29 words of Mr Amery in the House of Commons the other day:

While the Lord Privy Seal travelled many thousands of miles to meet them, the different parties in India were not prepared to cross the street to meet each other.

A Seaman's Prayer

IN the early part of the year some inspired spirit on board HMS King George the Fifth started a ship's magazine, which resulted in a most delightful publication filled with pen-and-ink drawings, poetry, travel articles, humorous stories, all of which reached an exceptionally high standard. Officers and men alike contributed to its success.

Among the contributions sent to the editor was this prayer, sent in by one who signed himself Ordinary Seaman.

Please God, accept my humble thanks for the help and comradeship of these men among whom Thou hast set me in this great ship; and grant that if in the hour of danger any should depend upon me, Thou wilt be with me, that I fail them not.

THREE WISE MEN

EAT LESS Minister of Food

USE LESS Minister of Production

SPEND LESS

Chancellor of the Exchequer

JUST AN IDEA

How wise is that saying that if you would understand a book you must understand the Age in which it was written.

Things Seen Long Ago

OUR Things Seen notes have set an old friend of the C N thinking of things he saw long ago, and from his small village in Kent he sends us two sights that have lingered in his memory for sixty years.

One is of a jackdaw he saw when staying with the station-master at Nailsworth in Gloucestershire. Every morning a tame jackdaw flew from the village to the station, took up its position in the open window of a carriage on the first train out, rode as far as the next station (Woodchester), and then flew back to Nailsworth.

The other thing he saw 60 years ago was a gooseberry bush full of fruit growing in the fork of an old oak tree at Ribbesford in Worcestershire.

Have any other of our readers interesting memories of things seen so long ago?

Why do the Butterflies Go?

WE all know that butterflies migrate, but it is not often one sees these mass movements actually in progress.

Last summer the writer was living in Berkshire about five miles from Newbury, when he saw what must have been a migration of white butterflies. He watched them for some time flying in hundreds past a wood, and going in a southerly direction. There was a light cross-wind in the direction of their impressive flight.

What was happening was probably merely a mass movement from one district to another, a minor migration; but the question arises as to why this movement took place, and how these countless white butterflies were induced to undertake it. Have they means of communication with each other?

Surely some such power must be possessed by them, for these hundreds of insects must have been scattered over a wide area of country when the signal to move on was sent out. We can only surmise and express our wonder.

STORY

JEAN is a small child, but thoughtful.

The other day she went out to tea alone, and very polite she was. The bread and butter was neat and thin, and when the tea wagon was being removed Jean quietly helped herself to a slice, folded it neatly, and slipped it in her pocket.

"Why are you doing that?" asked her hostess, much amused.

"Oh," said Jean, "I'm just taking this home as a pattern for Mummy."

The Sheep and the Goats

SHEEP are grazing on the lawns of Versailles

The goats are at Vichy.



Horse Transport

Even in these days of mechanisation the pack horse has its place in the Army, as this training scene shows.

WHAT IS INSTINCT?

INSTINCT is one of those blessed words which cover a great lack of knowledge.

When we hear of animals doing things which if they had been carried out by human beings would be acclaimed as the outcome of reason, some people try to explain them by saying they are due to instinct. Let us consider this for a moment.

When we get a new car we at first find it difficult to manipulate the various controls, but after a week or two this difficulty disappears and we instinctively know how to handle them. What does this mean? It can only mean that by experience we have learnt how to drive our car, and the process has become automatic.

Samuel Butler described instinct in animals as inherited memory, and this seems the reasonable explanation. Butler claimed that animals had by de-

grees learnt how to do the complicated things—such as spinning webs, building nests, migration, and so on—and that this knowledge had been transmitted by heredity, and at last, like the driving of our motor-car, had become automatic.

Samuel Butler was a great man. Although his ideas, when first put forward, were laughed to scorn, he is coming more and more into his own in these days. Though dead, he yet speaketh in no uncertain voice. No one who has studied the behaviour of animals, and is not hypnotised by the word instinct, can doubt that they often exhibit reason in their actions. It is true that they sometimes appear to do unreasonable things, but so, alas, do human beings. In fact, one observer at least, when looking out on the world to-day, sometimes asks himself whether man is not, after all, the one irrational animal.

Under the Editor's Table

WE must tighten our belts, says a speaker. Even the days are drawing in.

THE Air Ministry wants a man with an Air Force voice. But not a windbag.

THERE will be more jam this winter. The British are noted for their sticking powers.

COOKS can make oddments of pastry go a long way. If they can throw far enough.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If loud-speakers can ever be quiet

Now is the time to go through the family wardrobe. Don't make a hole in the back.

NEVER leave a tap running. But suppose you can't catch it?

THERE will be over ten million men in arms next year. The women are carrying everything before them.

It is rumoured that General Discontent will lead Germany this winter.

Women and Children in the Factory

A VERY valuable report on accidents in industry has been issued by the Medical Research Council's Industrial Health Board. As we all know, our factory population has greatly grown through the war, largely by the entry of women and children. This has led to a remarkable increase in factory accidents, and unfortunately the increase is out of all proportion to the increase in the workers.

The Army, Navy, and Air Force have also grown enormously, but while it is clear that the Services carefully train fighting men not to take unnecessary risks, we cannot be so sure that enough care is taken of the women and children in factories.

Investigation shows that, as we might expect, young people are

more liable than adults to accident. The accident rate falls sharply from 14 to 23; young people quickly become tired in repetitive work, and the suggestion is made that if their work can be changed from time to time, or if it can be arranged for them to leave the bench at intervals, it would tend to lessen their fatigue and lower their liability to accident. It is also true that workers of high mental ability soon become bored with repetition tasks, and this contributes to high accident rates.

The numbers involved are very great. In factories in 1940 there were actually 232,000 accidents; 1334 were fatal. This was an increase of 39,000 accidents in a single year, a loss to industry that we can ill afford.

OUR 20 CENTURIES—THE FIFTEENTH

Caxton Leads the Way
to English Printing

It is sometimes disputed whether printing has or has not been a benefit to mankind. Those who argue that it has not take the view that our entire development has been along regrettable lines, and that we should be happier and better if we had remained like animals. What is certain is that printing followed "as the night the day" upon the growth of the habit of reading books copied by hand. It did not cause any great or sudden change; it was a gift to the world, but it did not come unexpectedly; it was the natural and inevitable outcome of the desire for knowledge which was stirring among the people.

This desire could not be satisfied by the number of books then in use. Copying by hand could not produce them in sufficiently large numbers. Many were trying to hit upon some method of multiplying them more quickly,

and the first to do this was a German named Gutenberg. In those days it took a long time for inventions to travel, and many years passed before Caxton, who had learned to print at Bruges, set up a printing press in London in 1476.

Caxton was a man of unusual intelligence, and he himself translated many of the works he published, and he took so happy a middle course between the pedantic English used by learned men and the speech of common talk that he helped to save the language of books from being unintelligible to the mass of people. From this time English grew more and more flexible and vigorous and expressive, until it reached its greatest height in the following century, giving us the English Bible and Shakespeare, and making our literature one of the dearest possessions of mankind.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY
Shakespeare Comes

THE exploits of our seamen, the tales which they brought back of new countries overseas, the relief from the religious tyranny exercised in the name of Queen Mary and from the fear of Spain, caused a mighty stirring of the imagination among English people, and, as always happens when the masses are moved deeply, one man put on record in more perfect form than any other the thoughts and feelings of the age. So the sixteenth century gave us Shakespeare.

Our delight in the plays of Shakespeare is due partly to the men and women whom he drew with so skilful a hand that we think of them as having really existed. It is partly due also to the interest of the stories which he told. But chiefly we enjoy the beauty of the language he uses, the music of his verses, the vigour of his phrases, the "rightness" of his words, which makes us feel that what he has written could

not be improved upon or changed at all except for the worse. The reason of this lies, not only in the genius of Shakespeare, but in the genius of the English language, which was at its finest in his time. And one inspiration of this perfection of English was the English Bible for which William Tyndale gave his life in this century.

The Bible had been translated by men who took pains to make it read as nobly and as vigorously as possible. The English read it with keen pleasure; they loved its stories and they loved the beauty of its language. All who wrote were influenced by it, and its influence was reinforced by their writings, especially by the writings of Shakespeare. It is, therefore, because he crystallised and handed down to posterity the glory of English speech at its very highest that we are chiefly grateful for him; but with him in fame stands the heroic William Tyndale.

Sounds in the Night

PEOPLE asleep in a quiet old house by a West Country river were aroused in the dead of night by what sounded like the trotting of a horse on a hard, dry road. Next morning they were all curious to know who could have been on horseback at such a late hour.

When the sound was repeated on several successive nights everyone became, like Alice, "curiouser and curiouser."

Then, unexpectedly, the mystery was solved.

One evening, before bedtime, the sound came again, faint at first but rapidly growing louder. A pair of swans hove in sight, flapping their great wings as they flew high over the river!

Even the most natural and commonplace sounds of the countryside can be puzzling when heard in the night silence, and all sorts of wild conjectures are often made as to their origin. Who has not paused awhile in some lonely country

lane wondering what it was he heard? It may be only the coughing of a sheep on the uplands, the munching of grass by a horse in the pastures, or the rustling of leaves on the hedgetops, but even such sounds are arresting in the hush that comes with nightfall.

The countryman, of course, becomes accustomed to such familiar sounds as the hooting of an owl in the copse, the whistling of a curlew, the drumming of snipe, the churring of a night-jar, the cry of a belated night-bird homeward bound, the yapping of a fox on the hillside, the barking of a dog disturbed; but sometimes he, too, is puzzled when an odd sound creeps into the repertoire of the night.

Once, in the early days of the war, the writer, while on Home Guard duties, was baffled by a peculiar noise uncommon to our countryside, but it proved to be only the snoring of an elephant in a circus field!

CARRY ON

JUSTICE

THE world is full of the injustice of justice, because our human justice is like our human nature from which it sprang, an imperfect thing. One grain of charity would make it divine; and the great undeserved suffering in the world would be banished.

Some way of setting that grain of divinity in our human laws must be found. Our justice is grafted on revenge; but the true justice will be grafted on charity.

Joseph Keating

Milton's First Poem

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:

*For His mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.*

Let us blaze His name abroad
For of gods He is the God:

He with all-commanding might
Filled the new-made world with light:

He the golden-tressed sun
Caused all day his course to run:

The horned moon to shine by night,
Mid her spangled sisters bright:

All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:

Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
*For His mercies shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.*

THE LOST BELIEF

THE most important thing in the world is a belief in the reality of moral and spiritual values. It was because we lost that belief that the World War came, and if we do not now find a way to regain and to strengthen that belief then science is of no value.

Robert A. Millikan

Death Had No Fears

DEATH had no fears for him;
That gallant lad, whose
eyes were brim
With laughter and with light;
Whose soul was full of fight,
Of fight for freedom, truth, and liberty:

In that most noble trinity he died,
And all who die that way shall make us free.

Egbert Sandford

THE STRUGGLE

SMOOTH ways of thought are like smooth ways of action: truth is never reached or held fast without friction and grappling.

To move in the direction where movement is easiest is not action or work: all action involves struggle and conquest.

F. J. A. Hort

When the Time Comes

I HAVE ever in my mind that when God should cast me into such a condition as that I cannot save my life but by doing an indecent thing, He shows me that the time is come wherein I should resign it.

Algernon Sidney

My Soul Drinks In Its Future Life

My soul drinks in its future life
Like some green forest thrice
cut down,
Whose shoots defy the axemen's
strife,
And skyward spread a greener
crown.

Say not my soul is but a clod,
Resultant of my body's powers;
She plumes her wings to fly to
God,

And will not rest outside His
bowers.

The Winter's snows are on my
brow,
But Summer suns more brightly
glow,
And violets, lilacs, roses now
Seem sweeter than long years
ago.

As I approach my earthly end,
Much plainer can I hear afar,
Immortal symphonies which
blend,
To welcome me from star to
star.

Though marvellous, it still is
plain;
A fairy tale, yet history.
Losing Earth, a Heaven we gain;
With death, win immortality.

For fifty years my willing pen,
In history, drama, and romance,
With satires, sonnets, or with
men,
Has flown, or danced its busy
dance.

All themes I tried; and yet I
know
Ten thousand times as much
unsaid
Remains in me! It must be so,
Though ages should not find me
dead.

The tomb is not an endless night:
It is a thoroughfare—a way
That closes in a soft twilight,
And opens in eternal day.

Our work on Earth is just begun;
Our monuments will later rise,
To bathe their summits in the sun,
And shine in God's Eternal
Shies.

Victor Hugo

A Prayer of St Thomas Aquinas

GRANT me, Almighty and most
merciful God, fervently to
desire wisely to search out and
perfectly to fulfil all that is
pleasing unto Thee.

Order Thou my worldly condition to the glory of Thy name and of all that Thou requirest me to do, grant me the knowledge, the desire, and the ability, that I may fulfil it as I ought; and may my path to Thee be safe, straightforward, and perfect to the end.

Give me a steadfast heart
which no unworthy affection
may drag downwards.

Give me an unconquered heart
which no tribulation can wear out.

Give me an upright heart which
no unworthy purpose may tempt
aside.

Bestow on me also, O Lord,
my God, understanding to know
Thee, diligence to seek Thee,
wisdom to find Thee, and a
faithfulness that may finally
embrace Thee.

Amen

To Little One Asleep

THE days are cold, the nights
are long,
The north wind sings a doleful
song;

Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest
Save thee, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the
hearth;
The crickets long have ceased
their mirth:

There's nothing stirring in the
house

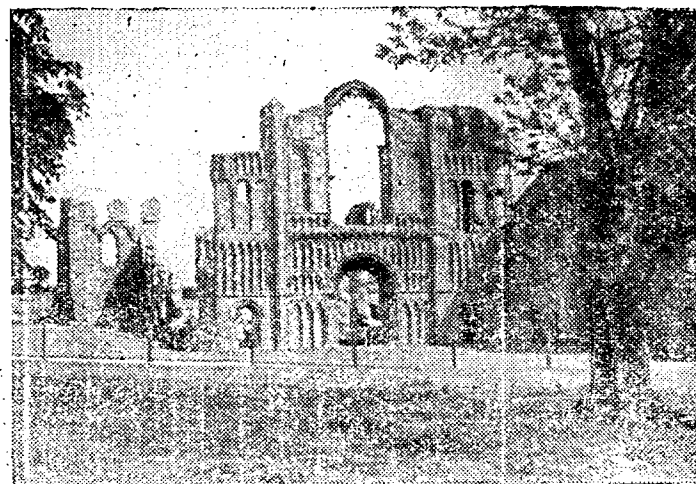
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling
mouse;
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling
light;
Tis but the moon that shines so
bright.

On the window-pane bedropped
with rain:

There, little darling, sleep again,
And wake when it is day!

Dorothy Wordsworth



The Old Priory

The ruins of the Priory at Castle Acre in Norfolk, built by William de Warenne, who married William the Conqueror's daughter

JIMMY had the picture gallery all to himself, because, as the westerling sun had begun to announce, it would shortly be time to close the castle to the public who came to wander round and browse on the days when Charles the First held his Court here and staged for his lords and ladies the plays in Great Hall with its old tapestries, its windows of armorial painted glass, its musicians' gallery, and noble timber-framed roof. A show place then, but only for regal eyes; a show place now for rich man and poor alike—ah, if only it could speak, what yarns it might spin!

Thus had run Jimmy's thoughts as he entered the last of the galleries, the fourth and smallest wherein were hung the rarest paintings of all by the most famous artists of their times. But the one which attracted Jimmy most, which attracted him queerly, was the painting of a cavalier's head and shoulders in a spacious frame on the wall to the right of the window.

In the bay of this latticed Gothic window, curtained by hangings of rich faded silk now drawn back on either side, Jimmy paused and stationed himself to stare at the picture.

And silently the picture stared back at him. Yet Jimmy could not resist the impression that those dark and deep-set eyes beneath their thick lashes were telling him something. Peculiar it felt, and uncanny. But what a tribute to the brush of the painter!

And in that moment it was that the cavalier winked.

Or had appeared to wink. Jimmy's imagination? Some trick of the senses? Some faltering possibly, in his own prolonged stare? Yet so actually had that left eyelid seemed to flutter that he caught his breath and his limbs trembled. He must master this lest he turn tail and run like a hare. So, having nerved himself, he advanced from the window, and, stepping beneath the picture, addressed it defiantly.

Ridiculous, of course! An absurd thing to do. But a vindication on impulse of his own mettle.

"What do you mean by winking at me?" he raged. "You listen! I saw you winking. Why did you wink at me?"

Impassively his cavalier gazed into space.

There was an attendant at the

THE WINKING CAVALIER

A Complete Short Story—by John Mowbray

door of the farthestmost gallery, a very old man who was nodding with sleep on his stool. To him Jimmy went on tiptoe, afraid to disturb him yet unable to keep his curiosity secret.

Jimmy tapped his shoulder, and when the man yawned and glanced up Jimmy mentioned, shyly, that the picture had winked. The old fellow burst into laughter. But when he persisted doggedly, stung to combativeness, then to humour him the attendant rose from his stool and led the way back to look at the portrait himself. Next, turning round, he pointed to the latticed window.

The sunlight was slanting between its long silken hangings and the leaves of the wistaria outside were tapping the pane.

"You see?" the attendant explained. "Mark those leaves, how they quiver! 'Twas their fluttering in this westerling light that deceived you. An optical illusion; that's what we call it."

Grunting testily, he went hobbling away to his post, leaving Jimmy with this gallery all to himself once more.

Another Visitor

BUT not for long. Jimmy had stepped back into the window and was standing behind the fringe of the curtains to try the illusion's effect from that angle, when he heard a shuffling footstep approaching and there entered a bearded man in a shabby fawn raincoat with his hands in its shapeless side-pockets. He was whistling softly under his breath as he came, and, without a glance at the latticed bay window, advanced to the middle of the room where he stood, with his back to Jimmy, and studied the cavalier's picture for a long moment. Then at once he went out again.

And out went Jimmy, and, overtaking him in the next gallery, was asked where he had sprung from.

"I was in the gallery you have just left, sir," he answered, "but

you didn't notice me because I happened to be behind one of the window curtains, though of course I wasn't hiding intentionally, sir!"

"No, I'm sure you weren't," smiled the bearded man, looking him over. "Well, what do you want, friend?"

"I want you to do me a favour, sir."

"A favour, eh?"

"Yes. I want you to tell the attendant something for me, please?"

They reached the old man on his stool. Jimmy cried out to him:

"You see this gentleman here? He came into the last gallery just now." Jimmy dropped his voice. "The cavalier gave him a wink."

"The cavalier what?"

"The cavalier," declared Jimmy, "gave him a wink!"

"Oh, you and your winks!" snapped the veteran. "You and your winks!" He turned to the bearded man. "Did you ever hear the like, sir!"

"I regret," said that stranger jocosely, "that I have not. Extensive as my acquaintance is with oil paintings, I have never known one which honoured me with a wink!" He laughed, then suddenly his face changed. "But remarkable!" he mused aloud. "Very remarkable!" And to Jimmy: "So you thought that picture winked, did you?"

"I saw him, sir," affirmed Jimmy. "He winked his right eye at you."

"'Twas a trick of the westerling light, sir," scoffed the custodian.

"Of course it was," the visitor confirmed regretfully.

"But he'd winked the other eye at me, sir, before that!"

"You mean you imagined it, my earnest young friend."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, surrendering, in a dulled tone.

What the Catalogue Told

"THAT'S better!" commended the bearded man, patting his shoulder. "Never, never, let your imagination run away with you. Now I'll tell you why I termed your delusion remarkable." His hand dived into his pocket and brought out a catalogue. He flipped the pages. "See? Here is our cavalier, Number 199. Lord William Oswyth. Groom of the Chambers to Charles the First." And as he passed the catalogue for Jimmy to read.

"They called him The Winking Cavalier," he recited.

"Exactly. That's what they called him at King Charles's Court because of a nervous ailment of the eyelids which forced them to start fluttering at all times." Then, smiling at Jimmy's astonishment and the custodian's, the stranger remarked: "You are wondering how I know these things. So I will introduce myself. I am Sir Bryan Wynn-crystal."

"An honour to meet you, sir," the custodian responded. "Though I'm new to this job myself, sir, I know your name well."

"Thank you," Jimmy's bearded expert said dryly. "Then you will be aware that I am the foremost British authority on the paintings by the Old Masters. And, being in the middle of revising my standard work on the art treasures in our old castles, I merely looked in today to assure myself that Lord William was here still."

Then very cordially he bade Jimmy goodbye.

"I enjoy nothing more than explaining art's beauties to youngsters. So one day," he promised, "I must show you round here

myself. Leave your name and address at the desk downstairs, will you, and I'll write and make an appointment. Goodbye, friend, till then."

"Oh, thank you, Sir Bryan!" smiled Jimmy.

The Appointment

AN appointment? There was nothing like an appointment. Jolly decent of Sir Bryan, Jimmy was thinking, if he, Jimmy, hadn't made this appointment himself without mentioning it to his bearded expert at all!

Stubbornness? It was silly to be so stubborn-minded. Any sensible fellow would be between his own sheets now, instead of shivering here in the silence and dark, all because he believed a picture had winked, and because a shuffling stranger in a shabby raincoat had—

He wished he hadn't scratched his hand on that wistaria, as strong as any young tree, as he climbed its stout stem. He wished he hadn't hurt his thumb forcing the window. Still, he ought to feel jolly thankful he hadn't been spotted while he was hiding in the grounds until it grew dark enough, which wouldn't, he had calculated, be before midnight. It was nearly that now.

A touch-and-go appointment if it came off!

Then he began to think of Lord William sharing his watch. In the dark and behind these curtains he could hardly distinguish his frame, but when he had entered he had stepped right up to it, with his pocket-torch, to give Lord William a good look, and Lord William had looked back at him steadily, stonily, those dark and deep-set eyes very fixed and remote.

Jimmy was ready with plan of campaign. The communicating doors between the galleries were unlocked and there was a fire alarm on the landing at the top of the staircase. So all one had to do was to muffle one's hand with one's jacket and smash that jolly old glass to start alarm bells ringing all over the castle.

He drew back behind his curtain. A footstep was coming. A light, nimble tread on the balls of the feet; just the stealthy tread of a burglar, Jimmy reflected, as a shadowy form with a shadowy beard glided past, and on to the door at the far end of the gallery which opened into the apartment, where regal gold-plate of past ages reposed in its showcases.

But it wouldn't repose there much longer unless he made haste now. He darted to the landing and shattered the alarm's glass. Bells pealed. He darted back again to his gallery to hold the fort until assistance arrived.

Too late! Already his ear caught a feverish clinking and clanking, and out of that apartment at the far end there rushed two men, the one with a bulging sack, the other a bearded expert clutching a vase.

Should he dive for the man with the sack or the rogue with the vase? One or the other? Had either played Rugger? he wondered. And with this he launched his sturdy limbs at the sack-man, and, tackling him round the knees, flung him down with a crash. From the mouth of the sack poured forth vessels of silver and gold.

The bearded rascal next. Trip him up. Oh, foul footer! But it didn't matter. There wasn't a referee's whistle—unless you counted the whistles the janitors were blowing as they came. Whereupon their two captives had no more to do save confess.

Before the present staff was quite recently transferred to

this castle they had both of them, they explained, been custodians here, and had discovered a secret passage, long since forgotten, in the wall on which Lord William Oswyth's picture was hung. Although at that time they discerned no use for their find, they kept it to themselves to distract attention from their meditated theft of the valuable picture which they meant to replace by a copy, just completed when quite suddenly they were dismissed.

Jimmy's bearded expert took up the story.

"So one bad turn deserving another," leered he, "we decided to go one better than stealing Lord William by helping ourselves instead to the ancient gold plate. But it called for brain work," the rascal added, tapping his forehead, "because it would require one of us to take post in the castle beforehand in order to make sure we should not be disturbed by keeping a watch on the galleries after they had closed. A problem! Until we remembered the secret passage in Lord William's very wall and our copy of that accomplished nobleman's portrait."

His captors gaped.

"Can't you see, my dear numskulls," he twitted them, "that immediately our project had become child's play! We cut out the eyeholes in the picture, and this afternoon my comrade smuggled it in by mixing himself with the visitors. Then he seized a chance to slip into our secret passage, removed a few bricks in the inner wall, and there he was, precisely in accord with our calculations, behind Lord William's portrait. He detached this from its frame, inserted our copy, and stationed himself behind it, his eyes in the eyeholes."

"Eh? What's that?" mumbled Jimmy's aged attendant, who, half asleep still, had just hobbled on to the scene.

Very Deplorable

IGNORING him, the bearded rascal resumed:

"Provided the coast remained clear, tonight was to be the night, so we arranged that I should wander in just before closing time when Lord William's substitute would give me the signal. If I couldn't come myself, I must send someone else who would neither rouse suspicion nor betray us." He sighed a little, and turned to Jimmy disgustedly. "Mistaking you for my messenger, he signalled All Clear by winking his left eye, the signal agreed; quite a pretty little notion which I derived from The Winking Cavalier, as they called poor Lord William."

"And a wink from his right eye spelled DANGER?" hazarded Jimmy.

"It did, my perspicacious young friend," owned his expert. "For when you fetched in that attendant my comrade took fright. But, on the chance that you hadn't come in my stead, my comrade stuck to his post, to give me my warning, and in I rambled and he gave it all right. Then, as he might have been caught if he tried to get out of the castle before it was opened to the public in the morning, after replacing the genuine Lord William back in his frame, he settled down to pass the night in the plate room."

"But you disregarded his danger signal," said Jimmy.

"Of course. Had I not explained your optical illusion, which our aged attendant had also already dispelled. And who were you, an ignorant youngster, to doubt it!" He paused for a moment, and then asked: "But tell me, young man. After all the trouble I took to convince you, what made you suspect me?"

"You told me," Jimmy reminded him with a wide grin, "that you were Sir Bryan Wynn-crystal, the famous authority. And then I knew that you were a liar and up to no good. For Sir Bryan Wynn-crystal is my own uncle."

"Deplorable! Very. Deplorable!" uttered the rascal. And thus he was muttering still when they led them away.

BEDTIME CORNER

The Wrong Bus

IT was a sad Jerry who set off for school that morning. He jumped into the bus when it rolled up, and paid his fare, with his mind full of his little lost dog.

When at last he looked up he got a shock. Instead of the familiar road, they were passing through a wood he had never seen before. In a flash he saw that he was on the wrong bus!

The conductor put him down close to a small cottage with a shabby, ill-kept garden. Jerry went forward and looked over the hedge. A dog began to bark.

It sounded like—it couldn't be—but it was, his precious Scamp!

Jerry pushed open the rickety gate and ran in. In a twinkling he had unfastened the dirty rope that held poor Scamp and set him free. Then, gripping the rope firmly in his hand, he ran off as fast as he could go, Scamp three paces ahead, still barking.

"Hi, you madcaps!" called a voice. "What does all this mean?"

It was Dr Merryman in his little blue car.

Jerry was glad to see him. "Some horrid man stole my



dog," he explained. "I'm taking him home."

"But you're going the wrong way," laughed the doctor. "Here, jump in and tell me all about it."

And Jerry did. "And if I hadn't got into the wrong bus," he wound up, "I might never have found him."

The Boy From Kansas

SEND my love to mother! was one of the first messages General Eisenhower, U.S. Commander-in-Chief for Europe, sent home after landing in this country.

He and his five brothers say they owe everything to the old white-haired lady of eighty, who still lives in Abilebe on the plains of Kansas, where she brought up her family of boys. The Eisenhowers moved out west years ago when the little town was a struggling settlement on the edge of the vast rolling plains. The Eisenhower boys grew up in the country, and were always in and out of the white-timbered house in which they lived. They could cook and sew, wash up, and make their own beds. Mrs Eisenhower believed in work to keep them out of mischief, and the boys have always been workers.

Dwight Eisenhower (or "Ike," as the American Army knows him) grew up a serious boy with firm and rather hard features. But his grim face can quickly relax into a broad smile which easily becomes a chuckle.

He went to West Point, the great American military academy, and one of his earliest and most dangerous jobs was to arrest a man in Chicago who had run amok. The half-crazed man fired five point-blank shots at young Eisenhower. All missed.

When the United States High Command were looking for a man fit to command their troops in

Europe they chose Eisenhower for various reasons. He knows a lot about tanks, for as a young officer in the last war he won the Distinguished Service Medal in the Tank Corps. He knows a lot about planes and holds a pilot's certificate. He helped MacArthur's air force in the Philippines. Out there in the islands on the bosom of the vast Pacific he learned a lot about the sea and how to transport troops across the ocean.

He knows that the Battle of Europe must begin by taking men across the narrow straits and landing them in Europe, but he realises that this war is also fought and won in the workshops and factories. He learned about this in the American Army Industrial College, for he is a capable engineer.

So the boy from Kansas is well equipped to lead Americans to victory. He springs from the soil and heart of the great Republic. He is American through and through. He is a leader rather than a driver of his men, and when he leans back in his chair he can be friendly and affable.

America looks to him to lead her men against Hitler and waits confidently and patiently for him to act.

The Strange True Tale of a Caterpillar

THERE is a remarkable story attaching to the bulrush caterpillar of New Zealand, which is three or four inches long and of a lightish brown colour. The caterpillar has, in fact, quite an ordinary appearance; yet it is destined to play an astounding role during its life, and even after death, and to afford a most surprising link between animals and vegetables.

The drama begins when the insect starts to burrow into the earth before its metamorphosis, for during this process some minute seeds of a fungus get between the scales of the neck. These seeds germinate in the heat and moisture of the caterpillar's body, showing that the vegetating process has begun during the lifetime of the insect, which, in fact, dies that the plant may live.

It is indeed a strange sight to see the body of the caterpillar in perfect preservation, and rising from its head the stem of the plant which has killed it. The

stem is from six to ten inches high, and its apex resembles strangely the club-headed bulrush caterpillar. Of course, it is not to be supposed that all these caterpillars share this fate, or the race would die out; but numbers of them burrow into ground where the fungoid spores are, as it were, in wait, and the remarkable transformation described takes place.

Those who study Nature, and realise the many impenetrable mysteries of her behaviour, are not easily surprised, but this emotion is aroused by the life history of many of the New Zealand bulrush caterpillars, which, while still alive, nourish the growth of an alien plant which is going to destroy its beneficent host. So far as is known, no other instance of such an association has hitherto been notified. The natives of New Zealand eat the plant, which has a flavour similar to that of a nut, and use its colouring matter for tattooing.

LAVAL REACHES THE DEPTHS

THE oppression of the Jews in France carried on by Laval at the order of Hitler is arousing French people, as we read on page 3, and General de St Vincent, Military Governor of Lyons, in Unoccupied France, has been dismissed from his post for refusing to carry out arrests of Jews.

The general refused to place his troops at the disposal of the authorities for such a purpose. The Roman Catholic Arch-

bishop has taken the same stand as the general, and letters have been read in the churches calling on the people to give shelter and food to persecuted Jews. Laval's reply is to arrest priests who read out these letters and to deport Jews to Germany for torture in the concentration camps. Now we learn that the Cardinals and Archbishops in Occupied France have protested to Marshal Pétain.

THE VISITOR

From a Correspondent

An Air Force officer the other afternoon came to a quiet Cornish town. He was a good-looking fellow, tall, well-built, broad of shoulder and deep of chest, say 30.

He attracted more than a passing glance as he strode through the main street and entered the age-old parish church. There, all alone, he knelt in prayer, and signed the Visitors' Book. Then he visited other parts of the town and stood awhile outside a little house, looking at it with unmistakable interest. Later, in a café, over a cup of tea, he casually mentioned that he was only a visitor who had dropped in for a few hours.

"But what made you come here?" he was asked, for guide-books say this town is uninteresting; it has no show-places. "I come from Australia," he explained, "but my mother was born here, and before I left home I promised her I would visit her birthplace and go over the scenes of her girlhood days. That's why I came."

All through that long journey by land and sea of over 11,000 miles he had remembered the promise he made to his mother.

END OF SUMMER

The starlings know as well as we do that summer is ending.

Do they like church towers? Perhaps, but not quite as much as jackdaws do. Towards sunset, writes a Hampshire correspondent, starlings may now be seen and heard in thousands round Christchurch Abbey and Wimborne Minster. Then off they go to their chosen sanctuaries for the night among the reeds of the widespread Christchurch marshes.

As they go they are so numerous that they look like a cloud, but they move as often against as with the wind.

The Pool Wastrels

The Churches Committee on Gambling has this to say in its report on Football Pools:

The hours spent by clients studying forms, the thousands of pounds paid to professional tipsters, and the columns of free advice proffered by the newspapers are all wasted—worse than wasted in a world at war.

About £8,000,000 a year is now being wasted by football poolers.

Children's Hour

We give below the BBC Children's Hour programme for Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday next. See last week's CN for particulars of the broadcasts for this week ending Saturday, September 26. In future we shall give the programme from Wednesday to Tuesday the following week.

On Sunday, September 27, the Children's Hour will open at 5.20 with a dramatic presentation by L. du Garde Peach on Grenfell of Labrador, in which we shall hear of many thrilling moments in the life of the great medical missionary.

On Monday at 5.20 there will be a story by Alison Uttley, The Three Brothers, read by Elizabeth. There will also be a piano recital by Winifred Avey, and at 5.45 we shall hear the Zoo Man.

Ten Minutes Each is the title of a programme beginning at 5.30 on Tuesday. The West of England will give us ten minutes with the Mousehole Fisherman's Choir; Scottish children will entertain us for ten minutes; and the North of England will give us ten minutes in a Training School for Young Miners.

The Day Will Come Prime Minister on Retribution

Premier Stalin told Mr Churchill in Moscow that the Russian people, who are naturally peaceful, have been roused to such a fury by German cruelty that their nature has been transformed.

We fear it is so all over the world, for never has been known such infamous cruelty as the Nazis have practised wherever they tread their feet. In his great speech to Parliament Mr Churchill had this to say on this important subject.

After the collapse of France, when the German armies strode on irresistibly in triumph and conquest, there seemed to be a possibility that Hitler might establish himself as a kind of Charlemagne in Europe and would unite many countries under German sway while at the same time pointing to our island as the author of the blockade and the cause of all their woes. That danger, such as it was, and I certainly did not think it negligible, has rolled away.

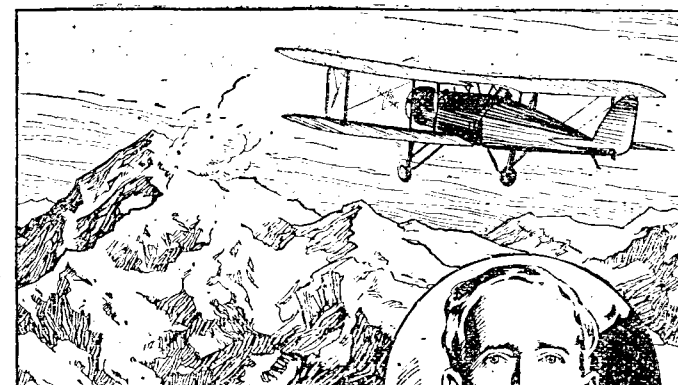
The German is now more hated in every country in Europe than any race has been since human records began. In a dozen countries Hitler's firing parties are at work every morning, and a dark stream of cold execution blood flows between the Germans and almost all their fellow men.

The cruelties, the massacres of hostages, the brutal persecutions in which the Germans have indulged in every land into which their armies have broken, have recently received an addition in the most bestial, the most squalid, and the most senseless of all their

offences—namely, the mass deportation of the Jews from France, with the pitiful horrors attendant upon the calculated and final scattering of families. This tragedy fills one with astonishment as well as with indignation, and it illustrates, as nothing else can do, the utter degradation of the Nazi nature, and the degradation of all who lend themselves to its unnatural and perverted passions.

When the hour of liberation strikes in Europe, as strike it will, it will also be the hour of retribution, and I wish most particularly to identify his Majesty's Government and the House of Commons with the solemn words which were used lately by the President of the United States—namely, that those who are guilty of the Nazi crimes will have to stand up before tribunals in every land where their atrocities have been committed in order that an indelible warning may be given to future ages, and that successive generations of men may say, "So perish all who do the like again."

SALUTE TO BRAVE BRITONS



No. 3

Air Commodore Fellowes, D.S.O.

He flew over the highest mountain in the world.

Nine years ago, Air Commodore Fellowes, D.S.O., led the expedition which flew over the 29,000 ft. Mount Everest, photographing territory never before seen by man, and locating the mysterious hidden Lake of the Gods. A Westland aeroplane was used, fitted with a Bristol Pegasus S.3 engine; and fuel that would not freeze even at 62 degrees below zero.

The expedition took supplies of Fry's Chocolate and Cocoa, and the Air Commodore wrote back to tell us "... your chocolate has been a real source of not only pleasure but nourishment to the expedition ... we have found your chocolate to be most excellent."



Presented by **FRY'S** whose famous CHOCOLATE AND COCOA have sustained many brave men in their hazardous quests

OF COURSE

WILLY: What is the difference between ours and yours?
Nilly: Why?
Willy: Quite correct.

Blameworthy

CRIED a Hippo who'd stepped on the egg
Of an Ostrich, "Your pardon I beg!
But to lay shells so thin,
Little more than a skin,
Shows you're shorter of brains
than of leg!"

Proverbs About Time

A LITTLE time may be enough to hatch a great mischief.
He that hath time hath life.
Take hold of a good minute.
Time and tide wait for no man.
Time flieeth away without delay.
Time is money.
Time is the great discovery.
Time stays not the fool's leisure.

Jacko Fairly In It



JACKO had gone to the mill to get a bag of flour. While the miller went off to get it Jacko amused himself by wandering round to see what he could find. A huge bin caught his eye. He clambered up the side and looked in. Unfortunately he leaned over a little too far. The next moment he was in! Jacko yelled and the flour flew up in a great cloud. The miller couldn't think what had happened.

Believe It or Not

UPON any fine night, when we're warm in our beds,
Some on feathers and others on springs,
I believe (do not you?) that the jolly old Moon
Does some utterly wonderful things.
For example, I'm certain as certain can be
That he startles the stars in a group
By performing quite neatly that difficult trick
Which the airmen call looping the loop!

NO SALE.

JONES: How do you like your new job as a commercial traveller?
SMITH: Well, I'm my own boss—not taking orders from anyone.

IMAGINATION

THE successful author was being interviewed.

"And were you a smart boy when at school?" asked the interviewer.

"Yes, very!" he replied.
"I was the best in my Form at making up excuses for not being able to answer the master's questions."

Other Worlds This Week

IN the evening no planets are visible. In the morning Venus is low in the east; and Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at half-

past 9 on Saturday night, September 26.

Do You Live at Hackney?

HACKNEY means Isle of Hacca, but who Hacca was we do not know. The name is familiar in old records, and he was probably a local chief.

STORY

TWO little girls, one eight and the other six, were at tea the other day when the younger child, picking up her doll, discovered that it had been torn.

"Oh, the inside is coming out," she cried in tears, "and it's sawdust. Poor dolly's made of sawdust—what are we made of?"

"Beans, of course," answered the elder girl; "that's why we are called human beans."

Agreed

THE rent had not been paid and the landlord was angry.

"But I am keeping to the agreement," said the tenant. "You said I was to pay in advance or not at all!"

In Wordsworth

Wordsworth, the chief poet of Nature, who mentions 60 birds, 46 plants and flowers, 38 animals, and 37 trees, also mentions these:

Frog, lizard, leech, newt, slow-worm, snail, snake, toad, viper, worm.

THE Highbrow

JACK: It says here that the giraffe is absolutely dumb. It can't make even a sound.

Jill: Oh, that's all right. He'd be talking over everybody's head, anyway.

Ici on Parle Français

L'Appel d'un Merle

Un lecteur nous envoie cette anecdote de l'intelligence d'un merle.

En regardant par une fenêtre qui donne sur mon jardin, je vis un merle perché sur le toit d'une dépendance, fort en peine.

Lorsque je descendis et que j'ouvris la porte, l'oiseau sauta à bas du toit de la dépendance, courut à moi, puis il retourna à la porte de la dépendance, dans laquelle on a pratiqué un trou pour permettre au chat d'entrer et de sortir.

Comme il continuait à faire la navette entre moi et la porte, j'ouvris la porte de la dépendance et je découvris Minet tenant la compagne du merle entre ses dents.

Je fis lâcher l'oiseau au chat, bientôt la merlette et son compagnon firent quelques pas dans le jardin, puis ils s'envolèrent.

LITTLE GENTLEMAN

YOUNG Henry, who went up to Cam,
Said, "So morbidly courteous I am,
Taught, since I was nursed,
To let others go first,
I can't even pass an exam!"

The Man With His Hat On

IN a book on old banking customs the story is told of a Yorkshireman who closed his account at one bank where the manager always kept his hat on because he was sensitive about the baldness of his head. The Yorkshireman thus explained his action:

"Ah doant like seein' thee allus with thee 'at on. Luks as 'ow tha's ready ta 'op it."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Find the Number 301

Profit
He paid 5s for each book.

P	A	S	S	A	G	E	P
V	A	L	T	A	I		
T	I	T	L	E	A	G	E
A	D	T	E	R	R	O	R
N	P	A	C	E	M		
G	R	A	N	C	E		
L	A	W	A	F	O	O	
E	C	B	L	E	N	D	
D	E	A	R	E	S	T	

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LASTING PEACE

is impossible unless the new world is based on Christian ethics. The object of our YOUTH MOVEMENT is to train men and women of tomorrow as builders of the better world for which we strive. New equipment urgently needed. Please help to ensure our Winter's programme with a generous gift to—
The Rev. Percy Ineson, Supr.,
The EAST END MISSION (Founded 1883),
Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

TO PLAN OR NOT TO PLAN

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. I notice that by no means all people agree with national planning. Sometimes, indeed, I see planners severely criticised. Is that not rather surprising?

Man. Yes, it is certainly surprising that, in view of the extraordinary development of Russia since 1928, anyone could question the success of national planning. In the first World War Russia was defeated, in spite of her splendid resources and enormous population, because no reasonable attempt had been made to plan and control her economy. Her soldiers, although brave, were so poorly armed that enormous numbers of men were mobilised in vain for lack of weapons. How different Russia appears in the present war, when we find her able to defy the might of Germany. If the Russia of today has astonished military experts, it is because they did not realise that Russia has been working to plan.

Boy. How long has national planning been the rule in Russia?

Man. The answer is a remarkable one. The first Five Year Plan was made as recently as 1928, running to 1932. The second was begun in 1933, running to 1937. The third followed upon even more ambitious lines, and was in process of continuation when Germany attacked Russia. Coal, timber, communications, power plant, motors, buildings, cement,

chemicals, metals, heavy and light industry, amusements, the machinery of education, agriculture—nothing was forgotten. In every department of affairs Russia was planning to achieve the best possible. It was thus that Russia became a great industrial power, and therefore also a great military power.

Boy. Is it possible for us to make such planned efforts?

Man. Yes, and no. At the present time Britain is working to a plan, and if many of her efforts are belated it is because we had no national plan before the war. But do not let us deceive ourselves. While we can plan, our home resources are small, while those of Russia are gigantic. Let me illustrate this. Russia has enormous resources in timber, and was able to make in 1928 a Timber Plan, and plans for its use in manufacture. We have practically no timber, and our paper industries have to be developed from imported material. Thus it is with many other departments of work. At no time and in no way can we plan for such industries as Russia will come to possess.

Boy. But there is the Empire!

Man. Yes, but to deal with imperial resources needs a combination of plans, and organisation of scattered resources is difficult. Nevertheless, it must be done; sooner or later the economy

of the Empire must be realised for the good of its far-flung regions.

Boy. Why, then, with these plain facts before us, do we find opposition to the idea of planning?

Man. You must realise that for very many years we have relied on private enterprise in wealth production, and many people are still honestly afraid to part with the idea of setting everyone free to work or not to work for their own good. The conception of private enterprise in great affairs is that nothing so much works for human good as for men to compete with each other in the pursuit of wealth, with the Government not interfering save by preventing the worst evils of private competition, as seen in low wages, poor factories, unemployment, and so on. In privately controlled work, those who succeed are only too likely to admire a system which sets them free to do their best, but in planned work such complete freedom cannot exist. In planning we aim to produce by cooperation in friendly rivalry results which, as is shown by experience, are far greater in magnitude, and more equal in the system of rewards than otherwise. Still, we must not destroy individual ambition, and we shall probably end, as we usually do, in compromise. We may plan the big essential industries (like railways, mines, transport, and power), and leave the rest to private enterprise.



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